

# The Holbrook News

SIDNEY SAPP, Publisher

HOLBROOK ARIZONA

Your credit may be good, but your money is better.

Nobody has as yet made a success of predicting the end of the world.

If a man knows all about you and is still your friend, he'll do it to the.

When the south pole is discovered let somebody stay there and sit on it.

When a woman acquires a job lot of trinkets she begins to speak of her jewels.

The auto runs over you and you die. The aeroplane runs over you and you don't mind it a bit.

The proof that there is no coal trust is found when the temporarily embarrassed one tries to get a ton on tick.

The snag boats of the future will be employed to yank the dark and menacing clouds out of the aerial highways.

On her last trip over the Lusitania consumed \$16,000 worth of coal. How would you like to be the Lusitania's coal man?

"What is a kiss?" asks the New Orleans States. If the editor of that paper doesn't know by this time he never will learn.

Perhaps neither Peary nor Cook would have discovered the north pole if they'd known there was going to be such a fuss about it.

Mars is only 35,000,000 miles distant from the earth now. It is a fact, however, that there are a good many wide, open leads between the two planets.

The idea that there is always room at the top may be all right, nevertheless it is fortunate that Cook and Peary didn't reach the north pole at the same time.

During "aviation week" at Rheims an aeroplanist was fined twenty francs for reckless flying. He did not run into any one, nor did he smash into anything; he merely frightened the spectators.

Dr. Murphy says the man who discovers how to kill the cancer germ will be a greater man than the discoverer of the north pole. We might make a similar claim for the man who shall discover a hair restorer that will restore.

Yes, fellow citizens, your Uncle Sam sits on the North Pole, rests one foot on the Far East, the other on the Far West, and with his horny hands digs a ditch across the middle of the hemisphere, while his sons capture all the prizes of the air and earth. (Deafening applause.)

A law has recently gone into effect in New Jersey which compels all vehicles—not only automobiles, as is the custom everywhere, but all teams using the public highways at night—to carry two lights, one in front and one in the rear. Such a law, faithfully enforced, is a cheap and practical method of safeguarding highway traffic, not only from collisions, but also from the numerous accidents which result from bad places in roads and bridges.

Continued efforts are making by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis to discourage the practice of sending indigent consumptives from the East to the West and the Southwest. It has lately reported that more than seven thousand persons, hopelessly diseased, go from the East every year, only to die in one of the five States favored by consumptives. Tuberculosis can be cured or arrested in any part of the country, and the percentage of cures in the East is nearly as great as in the West.

The most cursory survey of the world's literature, dramatic or otherwise, will convince anyone that the profession of humorist or true comedian is one of the most exacting ever known. The jokesmith may get a momentary laugh from an audience that is willing to take the will for the deed. But the man who would set his name among those who have made permanent additions to the world's fun must have a list of specifications for a permit to make a road through a Pinchof reserve. He must have insight, sympathy, knowledge of character. He must have a sense for fact that is felt beneath his airiest webs of fancy. He must have an ear for the right word that no correspondence school can confer. It is easier to be a wit than to be a humorist; easier to laugh at people than to laugh with them, or make them laugh at themselves.

The rush of thousands of eager individuals to the Indian land openings in Montana shows to what an extent land hunger is besetting the people. It is a question if one out of a thousand among those that have registered in the hope of securing Indian reservation land has any intention of settling and honestly "farming it," even if he is lucky. The land hunger has

become an obsession, fed by the lottery method the government sees fit to utilize in distributing those lands. It is the old story of "taking a chance," and the individual pays railroad fare and living expenses, which amount to no inconsiderable sum, in the hope of being one of the lucky ones in Uncle Sam's lottery. If a plot of ground is drawn, no doubt it will be scorned as something undesirable—for even the most productive western land is not enticing in its sagebrush form. It means hard work to bring a productive farm out of raw western land, and most of those who take part in such speculative rushes are not of the sort to carry the game through to its finish and to make actual ranchers of themselves.

Recently there died a man of wealth and prominence whose business was conducted in accordance with a policy of enlightened self-interest—that active endeavor toward personal advancement which takes into account in large measure the general good. He was a manufacturer of bicycles, and realizing that improved highways meant increased demand for the products of his factories, he became a pioneer in the movement for good roads. Realizing also that a more general appreciation of the many pleasures and benefits of outdoor life would mean more bicycle riding, he established a magazine devoted to such life. The two causes which he helped along in energetic and practical fashion need no defense. Both are generally accepted as important factors in the material advancement of the country and in the personal welfare of its people. When the bicycle declined in popularity this man engaged in the manufacture of automobiles, and continued his advocacy of good roads. That he prospered by his far-sightedness vindicated the wisdom of his course, even from the selfish point of view. Every man is justified in promoting his own welfare, in protecting his own interests and in acquiring a competence against the inevitable old age. It is his duty to do this, and happy the man, and happy the community in which he lives and labors, when he does it in such a way that those round him are benefited rather than injured. Not all can be great manufacturers and gain wealth by leadership in national movements, but every person can act on the sound theory that self-interest is best served, not by the narrow selfishness which sees only the present day and the immediate surroundings, but by the far-sightedness which includes the days to come, and the comprehensive planning which involves the common welfare and progress.

## The Prosperity of the Farmer.

This year we shall raise three billion bushels of corn. It is hard to realize what that means, says a writer in Success Magazine. It is a harvest greater even than the bumper crop of 1905. These three billion bushels will be worth to the farmer over a billion and a half of dollars, or over three times as much as the corn was worth in 1895. Last year the value of all farm products in the United States was almost eight billions of dollars; this year it will be over eight billions. This is more than the entire wealth of America in 1850. In 1850 the farms of the United States were worth less than four billions; to-day they are worth twenty-eight billions. Every day the farms of the country are worth \$3,400,000 more than they were worth the day before.

It is a good thing for the people at large that the farmers are getting their share of the general increase in wealth. The eight billion dollars that they get each year amounts to only seven hundred dollars apiece when it is distributed over all the farmers and farm laborers in the country. But the per capita amount is growing and is bound to grow still more.

During the next twenty years we are going to see a great revolution in farming. Agriculture is to be more intelligent and more intense, new plants are to be introduced, a better use is to be made of the land, and an acre will produce twice as much as it now produces. The benefit of this new production should not be monopolized by railroads, elevator companies and harvester trusts. It should go to the farmers and to the people, and should show itself in better food, clothing and housing and in more widespread education for the great mass of us.

## "Speed" Means to Acquire Success.

When we use the slang "too slow" as applied to non-success we are speaking correctly, according to etymology, for "slow" conveys an idea opposite to that of "speed," and for more than 10,000 years the root from which "speed" has grown has preserved its influence in a dozen languages and has continually signified the idea of quickness in grasping, in drawing to, in extending, in making room for action, in bringing prosperity and success by reaching out.

Our Aryan ancestors used the little word "spa," and from it has grown among scores of other words, our word "speed," which, through the centuries, has not been restricted to its meaning of velocity. It conceived the thought of velocity that reached out for success. It meant having room for action, to increase in the direction of prosperity. Without "spa" there was no "success."

If a woman works a good deal, other women who do not work so hard say she works too much.

The bass drum covers a multitude of mistakes made by the rest of the band

# POPULAR SCIENCE

The government has obtained control of the patent on an automatic weighing machine designed to prevent frauds against the custom service.

Of 110 tons of sausage offered for sale at a recent fair in Paris, nine tons were made of horse meat and seventeen from mule or donkey flesh.

The first electric smelting plant in the world in which pig iron will be produced on a commercial scale is about to be installed in Norway.

A big railroad fill in New Jersey is being made by dumping earth from cars which are run out on a track suspended by cables from two towers.

A tube, containing incandescent lamps at one end to heat the air, to dry a woman's hair after bathing, has been patented by a New York man.

Two Swedish engineers have perfected a new microphone which is said to double the distance over which telephone communication now is possible.

In discussing the possibility of wireless communications up to distance of 6,000 miles, which he believes to be possible, Mr. Marconi recently called attention to a very interesting theoretical point, namely, that when the equator is passed, the waves may begin to converge, following the outline of the globe, and thus it may happen that at the antipodes messages can be received much more easily than half-way to the antipodes.

The United States Forest Service will begin this year the experimental introduction of eastern hardwoods in California. The trees selected for the first essay are hickory, red oak, chestnut and yellow poplar. They will be planted

first permanent settlement of New Hampshire, says the Boston Globe.

Tradition says that the tree came over from England in a washtub. It is not known who brought it, nor in precisely what year it arrived, but in view of the fact that it is on land originally owned by the Hilton family, there is every reason to suppose that it voyaged with the first shipload of settlers, in the spring of 1623, when, according to the earliest record, "the Hiltons set up their stages at Dover," others of the company having remained for a time at the first landing, near the mouth of the Piscataqua river.

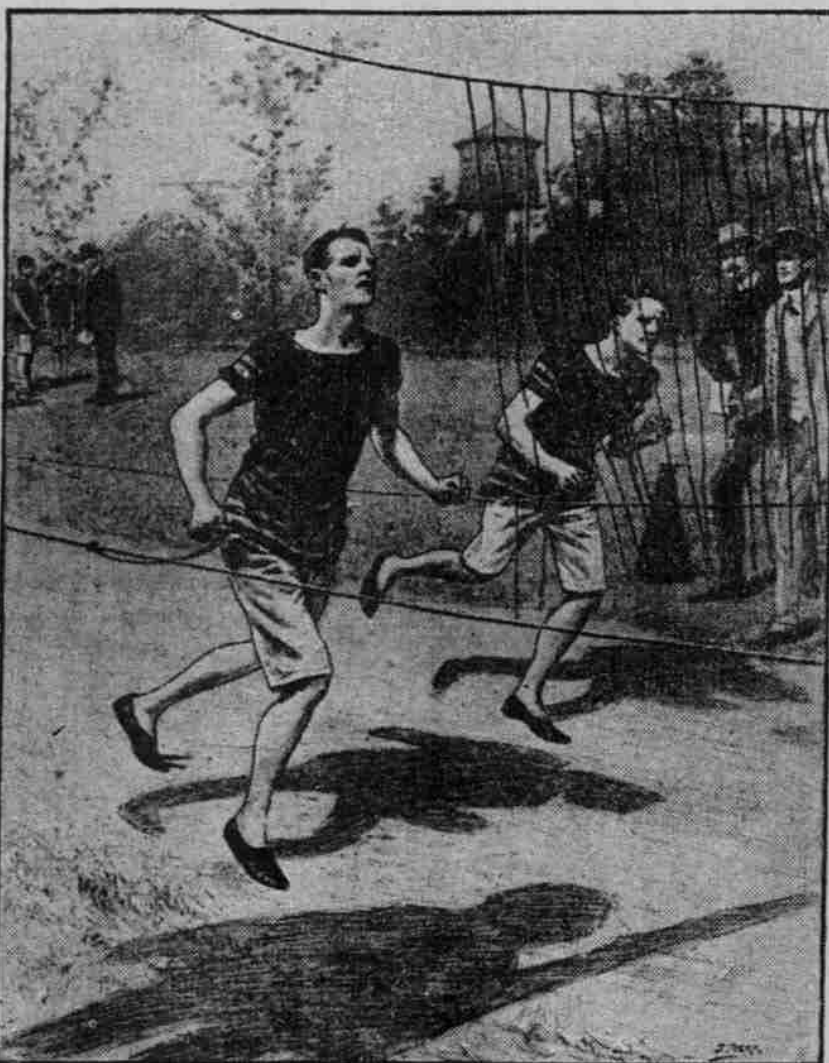
The old tree is called the Millet apple tree, because Captain Thomas Millet, a noted sea captain, whose grandparents settled in Dorchester, Mass., in 1635, went to Dover with his young wife in 1721 and settled on the acres at Dover Neck, where the tree stood. For many years he was the leading man of the Dover settlement.

To-day the apple tree, as an example of tenacity of life and fruitfulness, probably is without a peer in America. Although the trunk is nothing but a shell, it bears fruit in great abundance from branches far more vigorous than those of many a younger tree. This year about two barrels of apples were produced, all perfect and luscious, many weighing nearly a pound apiece.

The trunk is about four feet in diameter. One side is rotted away, so that anyone can walk into the shell, which is so roomy that two men could easily conceal themselves in it. The living walls of the shell are from two to six inches thick. The trunk is about seven feet tall, and is surmounted by one large branch, which has been sawed off fifteen feet from the ground. From this main branch the smaller fruit-bearing branches radiate.

Mr. Coleman, who is 75 years old,

## KEPT IN TRACK BY "GUIDES."



## BLIND ATHLETES MAKE WONDERFUL TIME.

The Overbrook record for 100 yards is 10.45 seconds, very remarkable time when all things are considered. The runners being blind, it is obviously necessary that they shall have some means of knowing whether they are keeping to the right track or not. Therefore wire cables stretch the full length of the track. On these are rings large enough to run easily, and to these rings are attached short chains with handles. The racers hold each a handle, and are thus able to keep an exact course. The tape also takes a novel form. It consists of a hanging fringe of cords. This the blind runners strike with their faces, and so realize that they have reached the winning post. This fringe of cords is similar to that used on certain American railroads to warn the brakemen on the top of freight cars that a low bridge is near.—Illustrated London News.

ed near the rangers' cabins in the national forests, and if they succeed, larger plantations will be made. Although California has a great variety of native broad-leaved trees, there is said to be none ranking in commercial importance with the best Eastern hardwoods. The absence of such trees is ascribed not to climatic conditions, but mostly to unfavorable seed distribution.

An interesting instance of how a difficulty may sometimes be turned into an advantage is furnished by the aluminum-welding machine recently invented by S. Cowper-Coles. The trouble in soldering aluminum has always been that a film of oxide persistently forms on the surface of the metal while the operation is going on, and prevents permanent adhesion. Cowper-Coles turns this to advantage by butting the ends to be joined together, and then heating the joint in a blowpipe. The film of oxide retains the molten metal like a skin, and when the proper moment arrives the ends of the rod are instantly pressed together by releasing a spring. The oxide skin bursts at the point of contact and is driven out, and the clean metal immediately unites, and makes a perfect joint.

## CAME IN A WASHTUB.

An Apple Tree Brought from England in 1623 Bears Fruit.

An aged apple tree stands on the premises of Henry Coleman at Dover Neck, in the historic locality of the

and a member of one of the oldest Dover families, has lived on the premises about thirty years. He venerates the old tree, and says he was its protector even when a small boy. In proof of this statement he shows a deep scar on his forehead, the mark of a stone bruise received when protecting the tree from a raid by other boys.

## An Easy Way Out.

"Here, you," said the conductor, angrily, "you run up a fare. Do that again and I'll put you off."

The small man standing in the middle of the crowded car promptly ran up another fare. Thereupon the conductor projected him through the crowd and to the edge of the platform.

"Thanks," said the little man, "I did not see any other way to get out. Here's your dime."—Success Magazine.

## Taking No Liberties.

"I hope you don't mind my asking," said a woman diffidently, "but should I call you professor or doctor?"

"Oh, call me anything you like," was the great man's rejoinder. "Some people call me an old idiot."

"Really?" the lady murmured, with sweet innocence. "But, then, they would be people who knew you intimately."—London Spare Moments.

A girl doesn't enjoy an outing unless the right young man shows up somewhere in the scenery.

## "NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

Warm-Hearted Girl Trying to Live Up to Her Class Motto.

Her sleeves rolled elbow-high. Agatha Ware stood in the pantry beating a mayonnaise with the careful energy that she gave to everything she did. "One, two, three," she was counting slowly as she dropped in the oil and whisked the mixture with a silver fork.

"Gracious!" said an amused voice from the doorway. "This must be a wonderful dinner-party you're giving Agatha, when you won't trust the salad-dressing to Katie."

"It is," answered Miss Ware, briefly. "But don't talk until I get it done; there's a dear."

In a few minutes the mayonnaise was whipped to light perfection, and Agatha emerged, buttoning her cuffs. "Now come into the dining-room while I arrange the flowers. Then we can talk," she said, leading the way in to a wide, white wainscoted room where everything seemed cool beauty and order.

"Violets!" exclaimed Beatrice Maynard, sniffing rapturously at a half-opened box. "Princess violets at this time of the year! Agatha, you extravagant creature! Who's coming? It can't be the big grown-ups, because your father and mother are away; and it can't be the small grown-ups, because you haven't asked me, your own little playmate. Now who is it?"

Agatha paused a moment over a rebellious handful of blossoms; then she said:

"It's Jennie Morrison from the Mill Road."

"What? The little lame thing that raises roses, and goes about selling them with eggs and blackberries and garden-truck? All this fuss about her?" questioned Beatrice.

"Yes, all this fuss about her," repeated Agatha, firmly. "If I wanted to be sentimental I could rhapsodize and say that Jennie has a soul! Well, she has, and a mind, and a little lame body, and I'm going to minister to all three to-night if I can."

"What are you going to wear?" demanded the practical Beatrice, dropping from ethical clouds.

"My lavender chiffon," answered Agatha. "Just what I would wear if you and all the rest of the girls were coming. She shall have everything you would have had. I've been lending her my books, and she said to me the other day, so pathetically, 'O Miss Ware, how nice it must seem to be rested at the table like book-people and to have time to talk and flowers and—and things!' Why," added Agatha, laughing a little, "we're even going to have black coffee, because 'book-people' have that after dinner, you know."

"Well," commented Beatrice, rising, "all I can say is that you're silly and extravagant all for nothing."

Agatha flushed and began a quick reply, then she checked herself.

"Beatrice, did you never think what our class motto, 'Noblesse Oblige,' really means? It's a favorite maxim of mine, though I nearly always fall short of it. But don't try to tease me out of really reaching the heights this time. The knowledge that these things are mine, constantly in my life, should make me want Jennie to share them once."

"But she'll never notice them!" Beatrice went on with her argument, all unheeding. "That sort of person is so stupid. And even if she does, she'll just think you're stuck-up and a snob and trying to 'rub it in.'"

"Jennie won't," said Agatha, smiling quietly. "I'm sure of Jennie."

Late that night a little lame girl lay in her bed, too happy to sleep, for all her room seemed fragrant with gentle courtesies and the breath of violets.

"Why," she murmured to herself, "why, Miss Ware treated me just as if we were friends!"—Youth's Companion.

## Chaucer's House Is Sold.

Hartford Manor, Faringdon, Berkshire, formerly the home of the poet Chaucer, and the largest farm on the Pusey estate, has been sold to the leaseholder, George Baylis of Wyfield Manor, Newbury, the largest producer of barley in England. Pusey is said to have been granted to the family of that name by Canute by tenure of a horn, which is still in Bouviere Pusey's possession and bears the inscription: "Kynge Kanude gave William Pusew ye horn to held be thy Londe."—London Letter.

## The Germ of Age.

They've found the germ that makes men old. That turns the warm blood pale and cold; Then bends the form and frosts the hair.

And etches deep the lines of care. Yet what avails the wondrous find—Will Time, the scytheman, prove more kind?

Alas, this thing of tearing claw Is but the slave of ruthless law!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## You Know the Kind.

"He seems to be quite important."

"Very."

"Yet what has he ever done?"

"Nothing. He is one of the kind who were born great."—Kansas City Journal.

## To the Creation.

"Billinger has some very ancient airs in his new comic opera."

"Ancient! Say, I'll bet he has gone back for some of 'em to the time when the morning stars sang together."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No, Alonzo, the date of a woman's birth has nothing to do with her age



"What does your husband like for his breakfast?" "Anything I haven't got in the house."—Cleveland Leader.

"Why do you allow your wife to pick your company?" "She's a good judge—she picked me."—Philadelphia Star.

Clerk—Mrs. Jones complains that her photographs don't look like her. Photographer—Complains! She ought to be grateful.

Alice—Ethel tells me she is engaged to Jack. Do you think she really means to marry him? Kate—Not if she can get anybody else.

"Hello, Brown, settled in your new house yet?" "I guess so. Everything is unpacked now except the things we really need."—Detroit Free Press.

"He's a fool and he only wants you for your money." "No—he says he'd marry me without my money." "Then he's a bigger fool than I thought."

The Pessimist—We'll pay for this fine weather later on. The Optimist—Well, cheer up! That's the regular time for paying for things, isn't it?

Her Husband—Well, it takes two to make a quarrel, so I'll shut up. His Wife—That's just like a contemptible man! You'll sit there and think mean things.

"If you'd assume a more genial manner, you'd get along better in business." "Rot! I tried it once, and everybody I met wanted to borrow money."

Young Wife—This dish, dearest, is an original composition of my own. Husband—Well, I should rather, my pet, that you would cook after the old masters.

He—So you think married life ought to be one grand sweet song? She—Yes. He—What air would you prefer for this matrimonial song? She—I think a millionaire.

Esmeralda—How many times do you make a young man propose to you before you say yes? Gwendolen—If you have to make him propose you'd better say yes the first time.

Hotel Visitor—Are there any deer about here? Gille—Well, there was yin, but the gentlemen were yin shootin' and shootin' at it, and I'm thinkin' it left the destrict.—Punch.

African Guide—Come! Quick! Your excellency. I have spotted a leopard. Famous Hunter—Here! Here, no nature-faking goes on this outfit. Leopards have always been spotted.

Mrs. Smart—Be sure and come. You'll meet quite a number of pretty women. Mr. Carte (gallantly)—Yes; but it will not be for the pretty women that I shall come, but for you.

Gunner—And now comes a professor who declares that fruit is just as healthy with the skin on as it is peeled. Guyer—H'm! I'd like to see somebody start him on a diet of pine-apples.

Anxious Mother—How do you know young Cashleigh is in love with you? Has he told you so? Pretty Daughter—N-no; but you should see the way he looks at me when I am not looking at him.

"Oh, Johnnie, Johnnie," said his aunt reproachfully, "why is it you never remember to say thank you?" "I expect it's 'cause I don't get things given to me often enough to practice," answered the young diplomat hopefully, eyeing a box of candy.

The kind lady had just handed the hungry hobo a sandwich and a piece of pie. "Poor man!" she said, sympathetically. "Are you married?" "No'm," answered the hobo. "I got dis hunted look from bein' chased from place to place by der perlice."

"So you don't guide hunting parties anymore?" asked the stranger. "Nope," said the guide. "Got tired of being mistook for a deer." "Guide fishin' parties. So far, nobody ain't mistook me fer a fish."—Kansas City Journal.

A schoolgirl with large feet was sitting with them stretched far out into the aisle, and was busy chewing gum when the teacher espied her. "Mary!" called the teacher, sharply. "Yes, ma'am?" questioned the pupil. "Take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in!"

Browning—I hear you are engaged to that young widow who is visiting relatives here. Is it true? Greening—Yes. Browning—How did you discover that she was the one woman in the world for an old bachelor like you? Greening—Why, she—er—told me so.—Chicago Daily News.

Random Shots.—I shot an arrow into the air, it fell in the distance. I knew not where till a neighbor said that it killed his cat, and I had to pay him six and a half (\$6.50). I bought some poison to stay some rats, and a neighbor swore it killed his cats; and rather than argue across the fence, I paid him four dollars and fifty cents (\$4.50). One night I set sailing a toy balloon, and hoped it would soar till it reached the moon; but the candle fell out on a farmer's straw, and he said I must settle or go to law. And that is the way with the random shot; it never hits in the proper spot; and the joke you spring, that you think so smart, may leave a wound in some fellow's heart.—Exchange.